

It is time for an icy visit. Simon like his bike with silves rims.

His fingertips felt tingly in the winter night. "Is it finished?" he asked

himself. The light is dim; the river is still. Little birds sit in the pine

tree. It is quite an interesting sight to find! His mind is filled with

visions of ice cream. Since when did it become this chilly?

Bring the linen; pick the fig. Is joy = real? He said: "Wait for me!"

just wait: is it safe? Yes! Value = 9; score = 10; jump!